Sandusky

Uncle Tupelo

If you find yourself standing
At the end of your line
Looking for a piece of something
Maybe a piece of mind
Fed up, lost, and run down
Nowhere to hold on
Tired of, take your place at the end son
We'll get to you one by one

No light ever shines
Dead end tears that dry
Maybe a waste of words and time
Never a waste of life

Every hour will be spent
Filling a quota, just getting alonghandcuffs hurt worse
When you've done nothing wrong

No thanks to the treadmill
No thanks to the grindstone
There's plenty of dissent from
These rungs below
The clockwork of destruction
Hanging low over our heads
Always a smokestack cloud
Or a slow-walking death

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